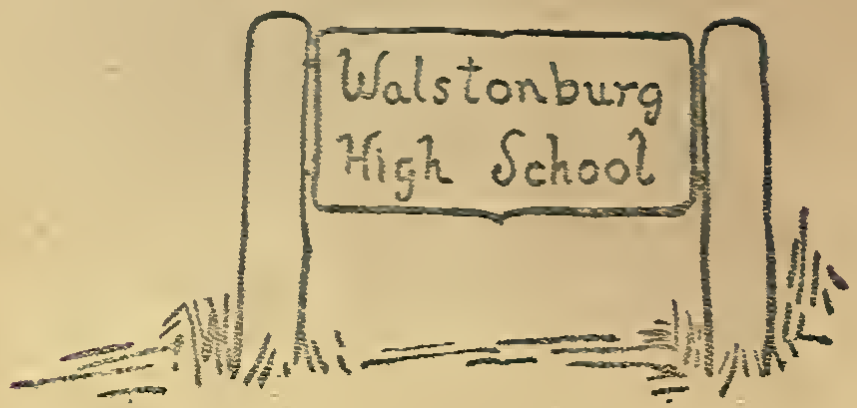
THE TALISMAN '49



(Marilene Mewborn)

The Talisman

1949

Volume 3

Edited By

THE SENIORS

of

WALSTONBURG HIGH SCHOOL

WALSTONBURG, NORTH CAROLINA

Editor	Janie Dildy
Business Manager	John Allen Corbett
Faculty Advisor	Miss Virginia Wright

Dedication

Remembering your constant kindness and support through years now past, to you

MISS VIRGINIA WRIGHT

we dedicate not only this third volume of THE TALISMAN, but also our deepest regard and affection.

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

Our school as it stands today represents the culmination of dreams, ideas and plans of men and women who desire for the boys and girls of this community the best that education has to offer. In 1922 the main building was erected by the Greene County Board of Education. Nineteen and twenty-eight brought new improvements and growth, for an auditorium was annexed to the main building. Later new classrooms and a gymnasium were added, and this year we see the completion of a modern agriculture building.

We are proud of the progress and growth of our school, and are deeply indebted to our county and local school boards.

MR. J. R. PEELER, *Principal*

FACULTY

Mr. Roger Peeler
Shelby, N. C.
Principal
High Point College
University of N. C.

Miss Virginia Wright
Ruffin, N. C.
English
Greensboro College

Miss Catherine Campbell
Buie's Creek, N. C.
Home Economics,
Biology, Science
Campbell College
Meredith College

Mrs. Mildred C. Peele
Norlina, N. C.
Commercial
W. C. U. N. C.

Mr. Troy Godwin
Monroe, N. C.
Science and
Physical Education
A. C. C.

Miss Mary Ellen Jones
Snow Hill, N. C.
Spanish and
Public School Music
A. C. C.

Mr. David Starling
Farmville, N. C.
Vocational Agriculture
N. C. State College

Mrs. Carlos Walston
Walstonburg, N. C.
(Picture not shown)
Music
E. C. T. C.
W. C. U. N. C.

GRAMMAR GRADE FACULTY

MISS SUDIE MAE KIRKMAN
Vanceboro, N. C.
Fifth Grade
A. C. C.
E. C. T. C.

MISS ELMA CHAMBLISS
Triplet, Va.
Fifth Grade
High Point College

MRS. A. J. CRAFT
Walstonburg, N. C.
Sixth Grade
University of Georgia

MRS. HENRIETTA WILLIAMSON
Farmville, N. C.
Seventh Grade
A. C. C.

MR. MARSHALL S. STEPHENS
Powder Springs, Tenn.
Seventh Grade
Tennessee State College

MISS PAGE DAVIS
Milwaukee, N. C.
First Grade
E. C. T. C.

MISS FLORIBELLE GARNER
(Picture not shown)
Newport, N. C.
First Grade
E. C. T. C.

MRS. BEN GAY
Walstonburg, N. C.
Second Grade
E. C. T. C.

MRS. LUCILLE CRAFT
Walstonburg, N. C.
Third Grade
E. C. T. C.

MRS. BARBARA CREECH RABHAN
Snow Hill, N. C.
Fourth Grade
E. C. T. C.

SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President ..... J. C. Parker
Vice President ..... Joyce Rouse
Secretary ..... Verna Stepps
Treasurer ..... Evelyn Fields

CLASS MOTTO
Let us do our work as well,
both the unseen and the seen.

CLASS FLOWER
Dogwood

CLASS COLORS
Green and White

MASCOTS
Darlene McKeel
Kenneth Jones, III

SENIORS

JIMMY BEAMAN

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

Glee Club 2.
Basketball 3, 4.
Pack-O-News Staff 4.
Talisman Staff 4.

RALPH BEAMAN

"Tho' I am young, I scorn to flit on wings of borrowed wit."

Basketball 4.

JOHN A. CORBETT

"And how shall I know your true love from many another one."

Glee Club 2.
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.
Pack-O-News Staff 2, 4.
Talisman Staff 4.

FRANCES CRAFT

"For she's a jolly good fellow."

4-H Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

ALVIN DILDY

"Say not always what you know, but always know what you say."

Glee Club 1, 2, 4.
F. F. A. Club 4.
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.
Baseball 3, 4.
Pack-O-News Staff 2, 3, 4.
Talisman Staff 4.
Class Officer 3.

JANIE DILDY

"The sun itself is not more diligent than she."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.
Class Officer 1, 3.
Pack-O-News Staff 3, 4.
Talisman Staff 4.
Keyboard Club 1.

EVELYN FIELDS

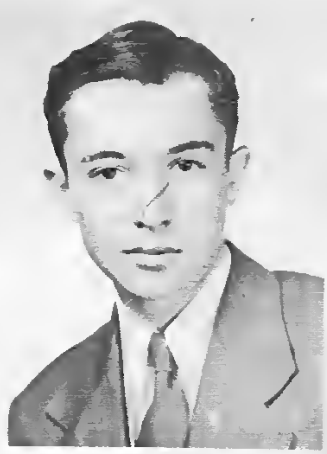
"The big work of the world is done by the enthusiasts."

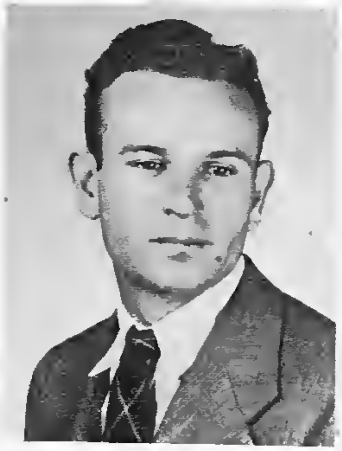
Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.
Beta Club 3, 4.
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.
Keyboard Club 1, 2, 3, 4.
Pack-O-News Staff 1, 2, 3, 4.
Talisman Staff 4.
Class Officer 2, 4.

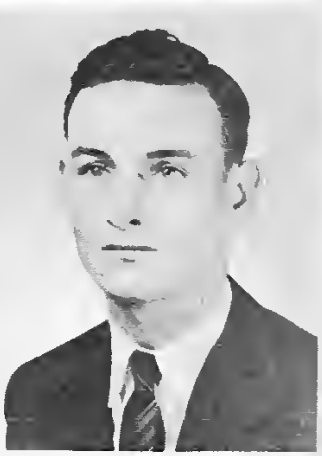
HENRY G. FIELDS

"I love thee for a heart that's kind,
Not for the knowledge in thy mind."

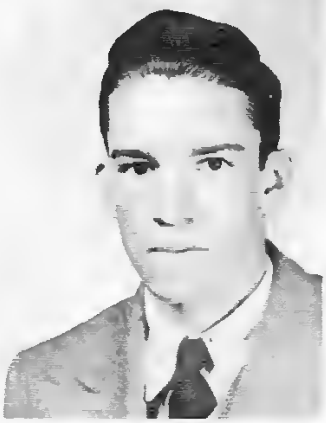
Glee Club 2, 3, 4.
F. F. A. Club 4.
Basketball 2, 3, 4.
Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4.

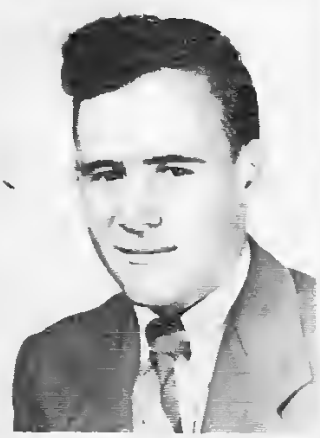






SENIORS





RUTH GAY

"Angels are painted fair to look like you."

Glee Club 4.
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.
Pack-O-News Staff 2, 3, 4.
Talisman Staff 4.

MYRTLE HARDISON

"All work and no play is simply not Myrtle's way."

4-H Club 1, 2, 3, 4.
Basketball 1.

ANN HICKS

"My heart shall o'ertake you wherever you are."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.
Keyboard Club 1, 2, 3, 4.
Pack-O-News Staff 4.

JANE KITTRELL

"Song brings of itself a cheerfulness that wakes the heart of you."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.
Keyboard Club 1, 2, 3, 4.
Pack-O-News Staff 2, 3, 4.
Talisman Staff 4.

ROLAND MOYE

"Happy am I, from care I'm free;
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Glee Club 2.
4-H Club 1, 2.

BILLIE NORVILLE

"To do what you can
As well as you can,
Is a mighty good plan
For most any man."

J. C. PARKER

"A handful of common sense is worth a bushel of learning."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.
4-H Club 1, 2, 3, 4.
Basketball 3, 4.
Baseball 3, 4.
Class Officer 4.
Pack-O-News Staff 3, 4.

JEANNE REDICK

"Music is the literature of the heart it commences where speech ends."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.
Beta Club 1, 2, 3, 4.
Keyboard Club 1, 2, 3, 4.
Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4.
Class Officer 2, 3.
Pack-O-News Staff 1, 2, 3, 4.
Talisman Staff 4.

SENIORS

JOYCE ROUSE

"As independent as the day is long;
As sweet as the gay lark's song."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.
4-H Club 1.
Keyboard Club 1, 2, 3, 4.
Basketball 4.
Cheerleader 1, 2, 3.
Class Officer 4.
Pack-O-News Staff 2, 3.

VERNA STEPPS

"When she will, she will,
You may depend on it.
When she won't, she won't,
And that's the end on't."

Beta Club 1, 2, 3, 4.
Keyboard Club 1, 2.
Class Officer 4.

GAIL TUGWELL

"When the sun shineth, make hay."

Talisman Staff 4.

ZELDA WAINRIGHT

"Success! It's found in the soul of you."

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.
Beta Club 1, 2, 3, 4.
Kayboard Club 1, 2, 3, 4.
Pack-O-News Staff 1, 2, 4.
Talisman Staff 4.

DORIS WHITLEY

"Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;
Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms."

Beta Club 3, 4.
Pack-O-News Staff 4.
Talisman Staff 4.

Kenneth Jones, III

Miss Virginia Wright

Darlene McKeel

CLASS POEM

We, the Seniors of '49
Have come a long way together,
Sharing our work and laughter.
But now we must say good-bye to
Our many, many friends.
But nevertheless, it's a great consolation to know
That our fine friendships will never cease.

With great expectations we go forward
To meet the strange ways of the world——
Working always harder with our hopes toward
Our dream goal until our works unfurl and
We reach what we have striven for——
That great destination——the goal itself.
So our plans for the uncertain future must be thorough
If we plan to reach our goal and attain success.

Then, by chance, in some future time,
With the strange direction of fate if whom
We should see but a Senior of '49,
We will have much to talk of, but finding time doesn't wait
We will have to hurry back to our different ways,
Remembering this stepping stone and that,
But mostly remembering the Walstonburg Senior days.

DOROTHY MURPHY,
Poet.

CLASS HISTORY

Rather unusual, but not too startling is the history of our class, for no frightened freshmen were we. Goodness, what was there to be a fraid of? The wonders of high schol weren't too mysterious and frightful to us; we were ready and eager for a change, and very glad to be a part of that select body, the high school. Besides, Walstonburg wasn't a stern and frightening school, for the other students were kind and often extended a hovering wing over us new fledglings, and did we appreciate it!

Swiftly our first year flew by. Studying didn't bother us any more than it had before, and it was fun to have different teachers for the subjects we were taking. Miss Garris kept us toeing the chalk line in our home room and soon:

In the good old summer time; what fun, what play, and dear me, what work! And all too suddenly:

Back to a school brimming with big students, little students, and just plain mediocre students, with a song of "We're Sophomores" beating away within us. We were those wonderful beings, neither lowly nor great, laughing and working under the care of Miss Wright, who was constantly urging us to settle down and get to work. Obediently, with only the necessary few grumbles, we always proceeded to do so. Then one day when we glanced up from our work, what did we see but vacation time staring us in the face. Now, how did it get there? And so:

Playing in the hot summer sun, and sleeping peacefully in the warm dark nights were luxuriously toyed with by us that summer. And as their handiwork they freely gave to us rested minds and refreshed bodies. It was a wonderful vacation! We reluctantly turned from it——toward:

The life of juniors—carefree, happy without the timid doubts of the past, and as yet no fears of the future. With careless gaiety we were drinking life in—a life of basketball games, parties, and all those zestful times which only juniors can endow with so much enthusiasm. Not to be left out by any means was the play, "Here Comes Charlie", definitely proving that there were fine actors and actresses in the junior class who could make a play live and glow before an appreciative audience. But the brightly gleaming jewel amongst all those junior memories was:

The Junior-Senior Banquet—that vivid colored fantasy concocted of sweetly scented roses, the pungent fragrance of pines, silver stars overhead, bouncy balloons lazily floating in the air, and above all, healthy, lusty youth. With their expressive faces reflecting the glorious exhilaration bubbling inside them, girls as pretty as dainty butterflies and boys as smartly dressed and distinguished as the famed spruce pines, mingled and intertwined as the golden hours sped by.

Regretfully were our good-nights spoken, for it was an enchanted moment to be long remembered; but they were spoken, and not many nights later we were singing our farewell song to the seniors. This year, our usually welcomed vacation caught us feeling a trifle queer.

But managing to shake most of it off, we settled down to enjoying the few weeks that we had, nearly all of us having some job to perform, that making our play all the sweeter. Still, time didn't wait or stand still, and soon we thoughtfully headed back to school. Knowledge that we were now seniors elated us, and we had our fun, but attached to it was a tinge of seriousness. We only too greatly realized that it was our last year, and when vacation rolled around again we would be taking a final departure from a school that had been so very kind. With regret we gave our last play, enjoyed a wonderful banquet with a grand class, and with the taste of hot and salty tears in our mouth, wound our way back home.

Now is the end of our story here, but this one last thing must be said: We seniors of '48 and '49 are grateful to this school, and we're rather proud of the role we have played here—a role made up of memories that for many go back to the first grade—memories held by a group that has always presented a solid front to the outside, shared many moments of laughter, and a few healthy quarrels.

If as individuals we are as successful as we have been as a class, then we have no need to worry over fear of the future—happiness is ours, and we, because of that happiness, have made history.

ZELDA WAINWRIGHT,
Historian.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

We are the Seniors,
These things we offer,
The class of forty-nine;
To Juniors left behind.

Janie leaves Arleta
Her smile so nice
Use it most often
That is our advice.

Study hall in the library
Is what J. C. likes most.
To Tommy goes his priority
On the *Saturday Evening Post.*

Jeanne thinks that Peggy
Is the one to fill her shoes.
So next year she'll edit
Our *Pack-O-News.*

If any of you Juniors
Feel romantically inclined
Henry Grey and Joyce
Leave that feeling sublime.

And to Zadock Cobb
Billy and Ralph wish to convey
All their old sweethearts;
May he love them as they

From Zelda to Albert
A worthy gift indeed!
She gives her thirst for knowledge
Though it's nothing he needs.

Some cute little ways
Offered by Verna Stepps
We're sure that Alyce
Will be glad to accept.

To Elizabeth Norman
What a joyous day!
We leave the figure
Of who but Ruthe Gay.

Henry, we almost forgot
But with no intention to slight.
What could you use most?
We decided on Evelyn's height.

On exploding her chewing gum
Myrtle is an expert.
Anne Cox receives this ability
Here's hoping she won't get hurt

Did you know that Anne Hicks
Has boy friends by the score?
So help yourself, Mariblaire,
We're surt she has plenty more.

Jane is the girl
Who can really sing!
Aided by her talent
Chubby can be just like Bing.

English is the subject
In which Jimmy is so grand.
Who wants his C minus?
Cekada is the man.

Alvin and John Allen
Play ball with such grace
They want Dick and Ray Bailey
To carry on in their place.

So now we come to Frances,
The biggest of us all!
Her size she leaves to Margaret
Who is so very small.

Roland leaves his School Bus,
A most prized possession.
He'll even teach Johnnie to drive it,
In just one easy lesson.

Doris is a good student
One of the best in our class
We hope her fine grades
Help Rachel to pass.

Gail's good conduct
To all the Juniors we give.
Always keep it in practice
As long as you live.

We leave our heartaches and memories
Our laughter and our tears
To those who will graduate
In the following years.

When our studies got boring
And our lessons we'd shirk,
Thence came the lecture
That put us to work?

And who piled on the homework?
Miss Wright, you are the one;
But there is this about you
Your job was certainly well done.

You were there when we faltered,
To give us our shove,
Yet we have only to offer
Our gratitude and love.

JIMMY BEAMAN,
Class Testator

PROPHECY

It was five o'clock, and for two hours I had been sitting at the grand piano. I had played through waltzes, marches, yea, and even scales. But, somehow, I always drifted back to "The Flight of the Bumblebee." Again, I played slowly the first braces, and on I went, until I drifted into the melancholy mood. So absorbed was I, that thoughts of graduation, of leaving my classmates filled my head. Soon we, the Class of '49, would be leaving Walstonburg High School. Leaving, yes, but where and to what? I became very disturbed. I longed deeply to know what was in store for the Class of '49. And at the same time I reached the height of the flight of the bumblebee.

The climax of the flight was near at hand, and as I glanced up, much to my amazement, a beautiful, golden-wing bumblebee alighted upon the top of the grand. With graceful movements, he motioned me to keep playing; thus following his flight. Still startled I obeyed. His gold dust wings rose and dipped so smoothly and gracefully that soon I became lost in his musical flight. Faintly in the distance I heard jazz. A quick run down the ivories and I saw among an oak grove, a lovely little youth recreation center. And who did I see as proprietor? Why, Ralph Beaman, of course. The young and old have had wholesome fun here. As Ralph always said, "You are only as old as you feel."

An fff chord and on with the flight again. Then, three groups of triplets and we were directly over the gymnasium. There seemed to be a stirring inside. Sure enough, the Red Devil Side-Shooters were practicing for the season game of attraction. I could see by Coach Ruthe Gay's expression that this was one game that Farmville would lose.

It was very interesting to watch the Side-Shooters, so the prophet bumblebee and I tarried temporarily. As a raindrop, dropping in a puddle of water, the balls one by one dropped in the net. John Allen was there, but just watching this time. John never did miss girls' basketbal practice! But John now played for State; no more of those Woke Forest upsets for State to fear.

With arpeggios in 3/4 time to start our flight once more, I glanced through the newspaper. On the sports page, my eye was attracted to the byline—By Jimmy T. Beaman. True to his abilities, Jimmy was using his unusual knack for writing to describe the Red Devil Side-Shooters and the big four. Those wisecracks were now paying off and not with demerits, either.

Taking a long allegro buzz flight, we found ourselves in New York. To be exact, at Carnegie Hall where Jane Kittrell, the famous concert artist was to give a performance. Amid the flashes of society and opera glasses, Jane sang the immortal Ave Maria. Jane, with a miraculous voice, and Mrs. Walston's training, had attained her highest goal.

I noticed a very familiar face in a balcony near mine. She, also, was enraptured by the inspirational concert. She, too, had been proclaimed a great artist. Who was she? Gail Tugwell, who quietly developing her talent at school, was now a great landscape artist of depth and breadth.

The exquisite gold bee, buzzing o'er me as in a waltz, indicated we were to take a long largo flight. True to his word, we began the ditty. This flight on the grand progressed slowly and turned south. The greenery passed beneath, along with the many landscapes and landmarks. I noticed a shrieking noise which focused my attention below. That offensive shrill came from highway patrolman Alvin Dildy's speedy Chevrolet. Doing his duty, Alvin checked a fast driver.

Greatly surprised, I recognized the charming driver as Anne Hicks. Anne's foot pushed heavily as she realized those glorious high school dreams were materializing Patrolman Dildy made a grant and Canada became even more enticing.

In order to make a thorough find of my classmates, we glided to the west, taking in Arizona and California. Near Salt Lake City, I found a group of history students gathered close to the Mormon Temple. Their teacher, in terse, complete sentences, explained the growth of our United States. Together with her many years' collections, Janie Dildy has provided variety and everliving facts for her attentive students.

From Janie I learned that Evelyn was still in school, going into advanced work in Europe. During youth Evelyn heeded the call of the inner self and now, after years of hard, industrious work, her dreams would be realized when she entered her chosen field of mission work.

As a jump from treble to bass, we sprang to southern Texas. Much to my amazement, I found Roland Moye in a group of Mexicans. The conversation was strictly Spanish. Miss Jones would be happy to know that Roland bas become a very successful ranch owner and has learned to speak Spanish fluently.

To make a well-rounded nimble journey, we buzzed over Miami Beach. Astounded, I recognized lifeguard J. C. Parker blushing as much as always, surrounded by several golden beauties. Those muscles and that crimson blush were always very attractive in high school, too.

A wonderful sunny climate in Florida seemed to witness that J. C. was not the only member of the class of '49 in that fair land. For not far away, I found Myrtle Hardison and Frances Craft, the twosome of our class. Both were just as jolly as ever, but more industrious in their work. Though a very young nurse, Myrtle was superintendent of nurses. She walked around with an air of distinction, and who had more right than she, a chipper young superintendent. And Frances, using her experience under Mrs. Lassiter, now was chief dietitian for this large hospital. The food was wonderful, and especially the way it was served by dietitian Frances.

Also, in the same hospital, I saw receptionist, Verna Stepps. A very warm greeting I received from Verna when we perchance met in the hall. As I was leaving, Verna and I exchanged a few informative words. I learned that she was doing quite a good job of welcoming the sick patients with her winning smile and personality. Verna was built for success. While talking, who should walk up, but Doris Whitley, a very neat little secretary. Doris, voted the neatest and best dressed girl in the Senior Class of '49, was doing a very efficient job as secretary to the head doctor. Each set of files was kept exactly according to the bookkeeping Doris learned under the strict guidance of Mrs. Peeler.

Swiftly changing scenes, the prophet and I moved nearer home to complete the round of prophecies, satisfying my longings. A sudden gay ditty broke our smooth sail—and an anticipated scene came into view. But wait, all these little boys and girls just couldn't belong to Joyce. Then things became clearer. In Joyce and Henry Grey's cozy little nest, she was giving a spring party for her little beginners class at Sunday School. Things were just divine, after one year of college, and then, those everlasting vows. Next, I saw their adorable country home sitting up on a tiny hill covered in green swaying grass. Just to look out the window while cooking dinner and see Henry plowing each row of corn with a tune of superb happiness on his lips was a true sign that all high school romances are not folly.

Close by I saw another white bungalow with green shutters and a spacious lawn. In the yard lined with flowers, I glimpsed the figure of an ideal housewife. Not only doing the duties of the house, but taking a great deal of pride in the lawn, also. The gay daffodils danced to the peaceful tune of the wind as it swept their arms breezily. This little love nest belonged to Zelda and John, another high school love couple. Around the corner playing with his fuzzy dog was Johnny who was now five years old. Just like his mother, Johnny was a born genius. Already he could count, read and write. Next year, he would begin school, and in twelve short years would graduate with scholastic honors just as Mommy did.

This musical journey, straining much my mind and fingers, slowly came to an end. The andante changed to largo and from loud to soft. Suddenly, the prophet bee appeared as if to prophesy more, and my heart fluttered wildly as I desperately hoped he would tell just snatches of what was in store for me. But just as quickly, he disappeared and my fingers fell limply from the black and whites of the expressive grand, as I realized that the bumble bee was a kind, wise, golden prophet.

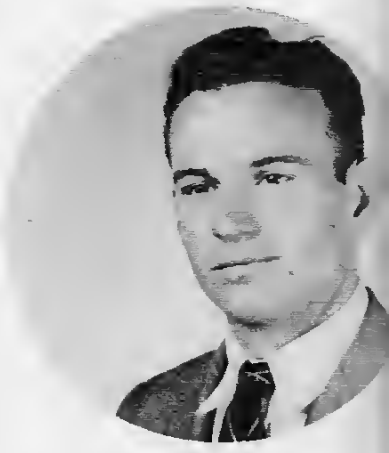
JEANNE REDICK,
Class Prophet

SUPE

Roland Moye
Wittiest

Zelda Wainwright
Most Intellectual

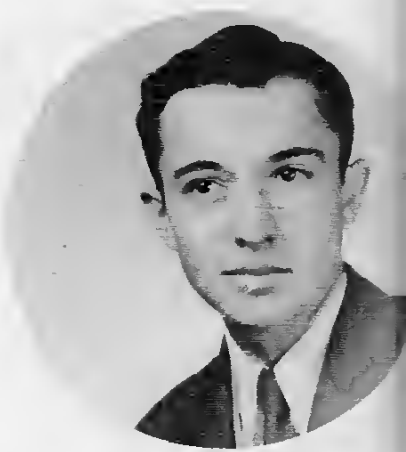
John Allen Corbett
Most Athletic



Alvin Dildy
Best Sport

Ruth Gay
Most Athletic

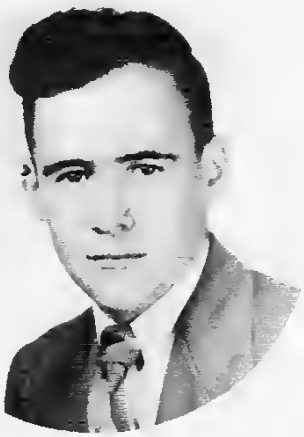
Dorothy Murphy
Most Original



Ralph Beaman
Most Handsome

LATIVES

Janie Dildy
Most Friendly
Best All Round



J. C. Parker
Best All Round

Gail Tugwell
Best Sport

Jane Kittrell
Most Popular

Jimmie Beaman
Most Popular
Best Dressed

Doris Whitley
Most Attractive
Best Dressed

Jeanne Redick
Most Likely to Succeed

JUNIORS

Ray Bailey
Tommie Beaman
Zadock Cobb
Ann Cox

Cekada Craft
Hortense Gainey
Myrtle Griffin
Alyce Hardison

Ray Hardison
Mildred Holloman
Annie Laurie Jones
Chubby Liverman

Evelyn Mann
Elizabeth Norman
Albert Parker
Peggy Reason

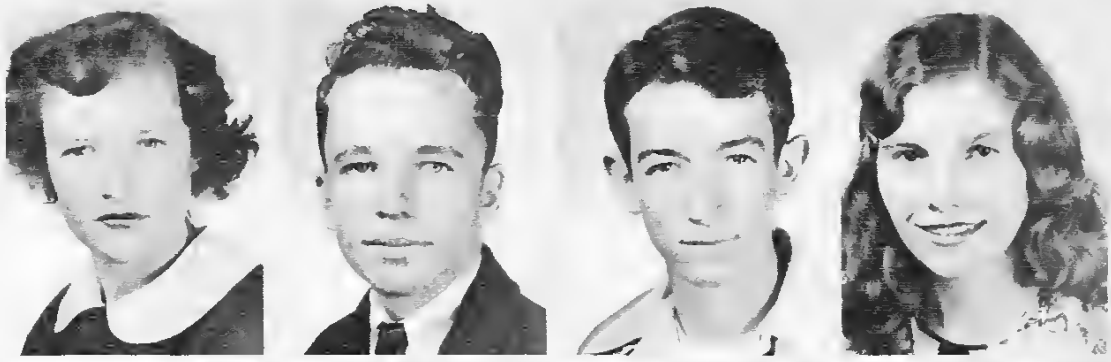
Maribiair Shirley
Margaret Suggs
Dick Tugwell
Arleta Wainwright

Ann Webber
Henry Wheeler

Not shown:
Johnnie Holloman
Rachel Honeycutt
Reynold Wooten

President ..... Peggy Reas
Vice President ..... Cekada Cr
Secretary-Treasurer .. Maribiair Shirl

SOPHOMORES



Edna Baker
Eugene Beaman
Wesley Cobb
Virginia Corbett

Burton Cox
Jimmy Cox
Robert Evans
Jane Fields

Betty Gay
Betty Hobbs
Clarence Mercer
Dwight Norville

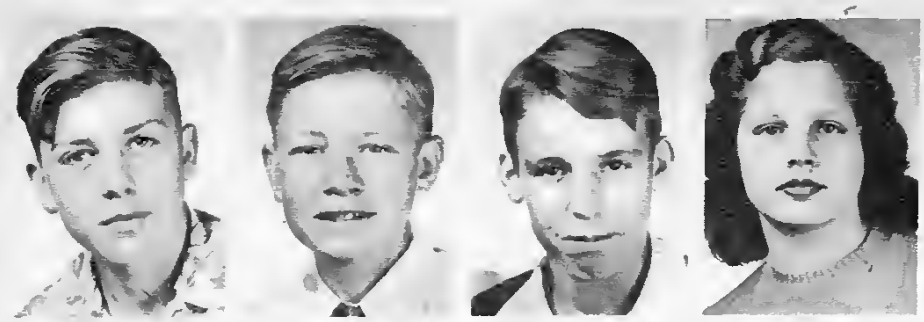
Hattie Mae Saulter
Jimmy Shirley
Maylon Shirley
Dean Tugwell

Lois Wooten

Not shown:
Wallace Craft

President ..... Lois Wooten
Vice President ..... Jane Fields
Secretary-Treasurer .... Virginia Corbett

FRESHMEN



J. T. Adams
Franklin Baker
Edgar Ray Beaman
Mary Ellen Beaman

Annie Mae Boykin
Carol Craft
Melvin Cunningham
Billy Davis

Mary Ellen Fields
Dorothy Gay
Mary Alice Gay
Louise Grant

Janie Hinson
Ann Holloman
Lois Honeycutt
Bertha Mae Johnson

Geraldine Moore
Fay Parker
Annie Saulter
Molene Shirley

Helen Sutton
Walter Sutton
Gordon Walston

Not shown:
Jimmy Marlowe
Bonnie Pierce
Billy Shackleford

President ..... Faye P
Vice President ..... Edgar Ray Bea
Secretary ..... Janie Hi
Treasurer ..... Jimmy Mar

EIGHTH GRADE

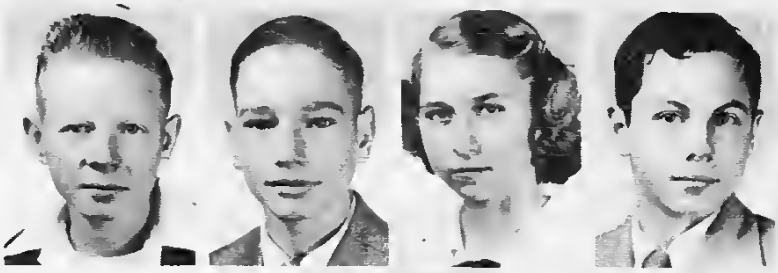
Josephine Craft
Vera Inez Craft
Gladys Cobb
Shirley Ann Coggins

Ray Cunningham
Darrell Dail
Mattie Speight Danford
Bobby Dildy

Walter Lee Gay
Elmer Harrell
Arlene Hobbs
Harold Holloman

Dewey Johnson
Mercer Jones
Tommy Norville
Patrick Owens

Johnnie Parker
Betsy Rouse
Wayne Speight
Kathleen Strickland



Sam Taylor
Eugene Tugwell
Eula Tugwell
Abe Walston

President ..... Wayne Speight
Vice President ..... Mercer Jones
Secretary ..... Eula Tugwell

Billie Ray Williams

Not shown:
William Earl Holloman
Christine Howell
Raymond Joyner
Melvin Moore
Lillie Mae Pierce

SEVENTH GRADE

SEVENTH GRADE

SIXTH GRADE

FIFTH GRADE

FIFTH GRADE

FOURTH GRADE

THIRD GRADE

SECOND GRADE

FIRST GRADE

FIRST GRADE

BASKETBALL GIRLS

BASKETBALL BOYS

Coach ..... Miss Catherine Campbell
Co-Captains ..... Jeanne Redick and Ruth Gay

FORWARDS	GUARDS
Ruth Gay	Jeanne Redick
Janie Dildy	Betty Gay
Jane Fields	Ann Holloman
Myrtle Griffin	Evelyn Fields
Dean Tugwell	Evelyn Mann
Geraldine Moore	Betty Hobbs

Girls
We won 14 game this year

GAMES

Walstonburg	23	Wnterville	21
Walstonburg	18	Stantonsburg	25
Walstonburg	25	Grimesland	25
Walstonburg	38	Saratoga	25
Walstonburg	21	Winterville	22
Walstonburg	18	Ayden	13
Walstonburg	30	South Edgecomb	30
Walstonburg	7	Farmville	13
Walstonburg	21	Maury	21
Walstonburg	40	Snow Hill	33
Walstonburg	34	Hookerton	16
Walstonburg	25	Contentnea	22
Walstonburg	14	Farmvile	22
Walstonburg	25	Contentnea	23
Walstonburg	27	Snow Hill	18
Walstonburg	21	Southwood	15
Walstonburg	33	Gardners	24
Walstonburg	38	Deep Run	41
Walstonburg	22	Bel Arthur	33
Walstonburg	17	Ayden	32
Walstonburg	24	South Edgecomb	18
Walstonburg	24	Maury	21
Walstonburg	41	Snow Hill	20
Walstonburg	18	Maury	21
Walstonburg	16	Maury	14

We tie 4 games
We lose 19 games

Coach ..... Troy Godwin

Forwards	CENTERS	GUARDS
John Allen Corbett	Jimmy Shirley	Jimmy Beaman
Alvin Dildy	Maylon Shirley	Henry Grey Fields
J. C. Parker	Dick Tugwell	Wesley Cobb
Ralph Beaman		Ray Bailey

GAMES

Walstonburg	27	Stantonsburg	12
Walstonburg	30	Grimesland	36
Walstonburg	28	Saratoga	20
Walstonburg	17	Winterville	24
Walstonburg	23	Ayden	35
Walstonburg	25	South Edgecomb	21
Walstonburg	37	Stantonsburg	30
Walstonburg	32	Deep Run	22
Walstonburg	21	Farmville	25
Walstonburg	36	Maury	48
Walstonburg	21	Snow Hill	30
Walstonburg	25	Farmville	20
Walstonburg	39	Belhaven	35
Walstonburg	69	Hookerton	12
Walstonburg	31	Contentnea	44
Walstonburg	42	Stantonsburg	40
Walstonburg	26	Ayden	41
Walstonburg	22	Farmville	42
Walstonburg	22	Contentnea	30
Walstonburg	20	Snow Hill	23
Walstonburg	27	Wheat Swamp	32
Walstonburg	41	South Edgecomb	23
Walstonburg	37	Gardners	23
Walstonburg	26	Ayden	38

We won 11 games this year
We lose 13 games this year

CHEERLEADERS

Mariblaire Chirley, Chief
Rachel Honneycutt
Peggy Reason